

that December night, and He is in sympathy with all those who in their poverty hear the shutters clatter on a cold night. He was born among the sheep and the cattle and the horses and the camels, in order that He might be an alleviating influence to the whole animal creation. It means mercy for all overdriven, under-fed, poorly-sheltered creatures. In our families and in our schools, teach the coming generation more mercy than the present generation has ever shown; and in this marvellous picture of the Nativity, while you point out to them the angel, show them also the camel, and while they hear the celebrated chant, let them hear also the cow's mean. May the Christ of the Bethrehmenttle-pen have mercy on the suffering stock-yards that are preparing the diseased and fevered meat for American households! REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE. On that Christmas night God honored hildhood. God has infinite resources:

households!

On that Christmas night God honored childhood. God has infinite resources; but when He wantsto give the richest possible gift to a household He locks around all the worlds and all the universe, and then gives a child. To day the child is to decide all the great battles, make all the laws, settle all the discussions, and usher in the world's salvation or destruction.

That night in the liethlehem manger was born encouragement for all the poorly started. No setin-lined cradle and delicate attentions, but straw, and the cattle, and coarse joke and banter of the cameldrivers. A vast majority of the world's deliverers had barn-like birth-places. Yes, nine out of ten of the world's deliverers and the world's Messiahs—the men of science, the men of grand benevolences—were born in want. Yea, if yourselves are far down, aspire to go high un. Though the whole world may be opposed to you, and inside and outside of your occupations and professions there may be those who would hinder your ascent, on your side and enlisted in your behalf are the sympathetic heart and almighty arm of One who was wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger. On, what a magnificent encouragement for the poorly started!

T. DeWitt Talmage.

Some Christmas Lessons by Thomas K. Beecher.

In the "55's" Lonis Kossuth at the close

Heecher. In the "50's" Louis Kossuth at the clos In the 50% Louis Kossuth at the close one of his orations startled all and of-'ended a few by quoting the Christmas ong of the angels—"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good

his rendering was and is more nearly accurate translation than the familia nece, good will to men"; and plainle arees with the facts of experience and rees with the facts of experience and mature of things. There can be no e on earth among men of evil will, marise, however splendid, changes the re or behavior of the howing, prowirestless, cowardly, even obscene is that love the darkness. They are driven off by it to find congenial

the light shined into the darkness first advent in Bethlehem it ino peace to Herod, but did bring it promise to Anna and Simeon, ore of good will, waiting for the

on of good will, waiting for the on of Israel.

I mak not, said this Son of God when grown to manhood, "Think not that I am some to send peace, but a sword!" For the true light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world, when seen and felt by men not of good will, surprises, arouses, tritates, and sets up fermentations hot and destructive. Peace to them only who are of good will and devoted already to wisdom, righteousness, and ministries of love.

love. When He shall appear the second time When He shall appear the second time without sin unto salvation, then on a scale worldwide, with a mighty throng of his elect saints, the King in His glory shall be seen by every eye the world dround. The men of good will (who had not known how beautiful they were) shall lift up their heads rejoicingly like flowers at sunrise. The poor in spirit, the mourning, the meek, the lovers of righteousness, the merciful, and thelpure in heart—in a word, the men of good will—shall inherit both Heaven and earth and behold the King in His glory. The tabernacle of God shall be with (such) men. He will dwell with them. God himself shall be with them and be their God.

mand be their God.

Wherefore when God in Christ inaugurated the course of events | leading to this consummation, a multitude of the heavenly host attended Him singing "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will." THOMAS K. BERCHER.

men of good will." THOMAS K. BERCHER.
Dr. Lyman Abbott Discourses on Charlty.
Of all days the sweetest, tenderest, and
most welcome, Christmas stands pre-eminent because of its universality, its all-pervading and fusing power, and its splendid
triumph over all the lines of nation,
creed, for sect by which the Christian
world is divided and sub-divided.



The glad season of the Yule log and the Christmas-tree stands by itself distinct and alone. It is the one human institution which gives promise of the time when the nations of the earth shall from one family circle, bound together by the acknowledged tie of a common brotherhood, with one hope and one destiny, and whose coming is hailed with rejoicing in which

CHRISTMAS LESSONS.

Famous Divines Tell What Is Taught by the Holidays.

A TIMELY SYMPOSIUM.

It Includes Brief but Eloquent Contributions—Dr. Talmage Draws the Picture of a Cheerful Religion.

(Correspondence of the Richmond Disoatch.)

New York, December 24.—The loosened star; the excepted doxology of celestials; the chill December night affine with Maymorn; our worlda lost star and another star rushing down the sky that night to beckon the wanderer home again. Are there no new lessons from the story not yet hack need by being of repeated? Oh, yes; It was a star, and that means joy, hope, good cheer, ascendency. Not a black night of threat, but a gleaming star of worlds seem to own our Lord and Master. I think all the worlds were loyal but this. But the world will yet be actumed, and all worlds will yet be accordant. Through the revelation of the Christmas night; I find that religion is not agrons that this and under the people with themself. That is the reason let so one world a ground the revelation of the Christmas night; I find that religion is not agrons that the world will yet be accordant. Through the revelation of the Christmas night; I find that religion is not agrons that show, for people with hasted Loope, for people with themself. That is the reason let see often found among the destitute, you can find Him on any night comming through the dark lanes of the city. You can see Him put his hand under the fainting pauner's chim in the pauper's scalin. He remembers how the wind whistled around the caravansary at Bethlehen.

The time and the pauper's caloin. He remembers how the wind whistled around the caravansary at Bethlehen.

The time for the caravansary at Bethlehen.

The time of the caravansary at Bethlehen.

Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., on the Lesson Christians Teaches.

The supreme thought of the Christmas days is sacrificing love. They are the world's gift-days. Herein lies their true meaning. Man does well to crown them

The supreme thought of the Christmas days is sacrificing love. They are the world's gift-days. Herein lies their true meaning. Man does well to crown them with love and joy.

It is the anniversary of God's wondrous gift. God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten son. The true celebration of Christmas is to follow thus the heart of God. We should spend and be spent. We should give. What a day in the history of humanity when in the manger at Bethlehem there was given to the race that peasant babe! A most humble cradle! A parentage poor and obscure! And yet with his baby fingers he reset the calendar of time. And the earth is his inheritance!

I do not marvel that Julius Casar, the foremost man of all the world, could make a calendar for the world, But I do not understand, from the human point of view, how a beasant babe born in a manger in Judea could undo the work of the Casars and write anew the history of the race. He sat on no throne. He welded no sceptre. He commanded no army. He wrote no book. He had no great man as his friend. He died in young manhood, the death of a folon, amid the jeers of a rabble, crucified between two thieves. And yet, miracle of the ages, He rules the world! Since that day the history of civilization has become the history of Christianity. Kings baptize their princes in His name and count it honor to be called His followers. His word of brotherhood and fatherhood universal has been the power that has lifted the masses of humanity until the common people went the crown of royalty, and tyrannies crumble at the toruch of His free spirit. He lived in a world of slaves, and dying, pointed them the way of life and freedom. Henceforth the way of progress is the way of Calvary. He who would hive must die. He who would get must give. He who seeks self destroys self.

Man is rich in proportion as he gives. The divinest thurs in nature are those which give the most, the sunset, the flower, the song-bird, the diamond.

Sinset is the smile of the dying day pouring out to the uttermost

it drinks.

The flower expires in an agony of loving sacrifice pouring out its breath in sweet incense on the altar of life.

The mocking-bird in his matchless lovesong drops from bough to bough until, as field and forest ring with aflood of echoing melody, he flutters to the ground exhausted.

Christman descriptions and the state of the sta

Christmas-days are gift-days. To give is



REV. DB. DIXON. divine. As we give we attain the divine. Christ's command is, "Follow Me."

THOMAS DIXON, JR. A Word from Dr. John R. Paxton

"Thou dost not honor God by giving Him anything but by rendering thysel



HEV. DR. PAXTON. worthy to receive from Him." But He kisses the hand that gives an alms and sheds His sunny smile on all people who remember His poor relations on earth at Christmas time.

John R. Paxrow. "The Greatest of All Is the Truth."

Christmas teaches us to divide the word of truth from human errors and miscon-

Christmas teaches us to divide the word of truth from human errors and misconceptions so far as we can by the sincere use of reason, because, Bishop Butler savs, "this is the only faculty we have to judge without concerning anything, even revelation itself," and the holy spirit of truth them will be more than the Bible even, and it will be our teacher.

It teaches us to welcome the truth science reveals to us as the truth of God, which is also "able to make us wise unto salvation," not speaking of her as the handmaid of religion, but giving her a warm and true welcome as the winsome younger sister of religion.

It teaches us to hold for the first article in our creed the humanity of God and the divinity of man, and hold also and teach the truth that the week days are as sacred in their essence and purpose as the Sundays and the workman's bench and anvil as the pulpits and altars, because there also if we be true men we are co-workers together with God.

It teaches us to say to no man, "Stand off, for I am holier than thou," but to blend our life with the life of the rank and life in sympathy and good will and not merely of one seet or another, and win by loving; yet while we hold with the good apostle that love is greater than faith or hope remember that the greatest of all is the truth. Robert Collyes.

The Lessons of Christmas Manifold. The Lessons of Christmas Manifold.

The duty of caring for one's health of body and spirit and transmitting it to one's descendants; the duty of saving every drop of life; the duty of transmitting one's dollar into something better than gold; the duty of making this life, one's own life, and one's neighbor's life, as sweet, as strong, and as loyous as possible, as the best preparation for the life which is to come. I think that all of these are among the vital lessons taught by Christmas.

Charles F. Dermis.

Christmas Brings Us Closer to God. Christmas brings us closer to God, and teaches us to concera ourselves less about blessedness by and by than about cha-racter here and now, and that "blessed-

n ness" is only another name for "character" conjugated in the future tense. We need to rid religion of the odor of the sepulchral and the suggestion of the function of the future tense. We sepulchral and the suggestion of the function of the sepulchral and the suggestion of the function of the sepulchral and the suggestion of the function of the sepulchral and the suggestion of the function of the sepulchral and the suggestion of the function of the sepulchral and the suggestion was conceived to be planted in the middle of a grave-yard. By MRS. BURTON HARRISON.

By MRS. BURTON HARRISON.

By MRS. BURTON HARRISON.

First Consideration of Gifts for the Servanta Cordon around the southern States and so biockaded the ports that boats could not come in except at the risk of capture or of running against a much larger and more destructive torpedo than is put in a Christmas stocking?

There were New York and Philadelphia-made toys for the northern children, but the subsist between them must be sanctified also. All the great questions which agitate us therefore, socially, municipally, and unationally, will come to be more distinctly conceived of as properly passing under religious purview. This will be a return to original ground. In the old Hebrew centuries the property was also the statesmap. He had no consciousness of a dividing law and no consciousness of a dividing law and no consciousness of a dividing line between the area of the religious and the civic. With him piety and patriotism dwelling stretched undulating lawns, endered the constitution of Gifts for the Servanta Constitutive torpedo than is put in a Christmas stocking?

There were New York and Philadelphia-made toys for the northern children, but the kitchen offices connected with it by latticed walks.

It stood amid a grove of really nobic consecuted with it by latticed walks.

It stood amid a grove of really nobic consecuted with a southern boy bid a said and proved of the pure joys of Christmas.

Extra Emission of the function of Gifts for the Servant



ran together in such a way that it was impossible for him to tell where one left off and the other began. All reciprocal duties and relations were grasped by him in the clutch of a relations with a such that the control of the relations of the such that clutch of a religious conception. This will bring the Church and the times into far more intelligent relations with each other, and may God speed the day! C. H. PARRHURST.

Hymn of the Nativity. Still are the vales and white, Still all the snowy height. Where, through the parting night, The shepherds keep ward:

Bright over Bethlehem Flashes the fairest gem In heaven's bright disdem— The star of our Lord-

Still on the mother's breast Lieth the babe at rest. By angel hands caressed, By angels adored. From the white throne above Bringing the light thereof, Bringing His creed of love, Our lover and Lord.

Hall! then mest blessed day, shining our night away, Bringing God's tender sway, To earth His giad word.

Blessing above the ban,
"Peace and good will to man,"
"Peace and good will to man,"
Hail! Jesus, our Lord.

The foregoing beautiful verses, by Miss



Ina D. Coolbrith, of Oakland, Cal., and never before published, gives far better expression to "The Lesson Christmas Teaches" than anything I could write.

HENRY GROEGE.

A Heathen View of Christmas.

If the Lord Jesus knew how his followers would exterminate each other, and how they would baptize the earth in the precious blood of the innocent children of God. He would have not taken all the trouble to come down and preach that famous sermon of Confuciatism on the Mount, and then to die so cruelly on a cross. Nations who had never known the woes of war, communities which had never seen calamities until the Christians inserted their cannon-balls, will have a strong case of damage against them at the Bar some time. A Heathen View of Christmas.

time.

How much worse could we be if Christ had never preached? How much more cruel could one nation be toward the citizens of a friendly nation if there were no churches? Preaching does not change. Churches do not purify the nature of man, nor could the deaths of the Gods save us from death. Purification and grandeur of men and nations begin with the individual man. Wong Chin Foo.

The Old Christmas and the New. [Scene-An Old Virginia Plantation.] BY MARGARET J. PRESTON. (The Grandmother Speaks.)

You tell me to morrow is Christmas-Day, But why should I care to know? There'll be nothing about it to call to mind The Christmas of long ago. "And how did we keep the Christmas then?"
Well, listen, and you shall hear; And maybe you'll cease to wonder why
I pine for its hearty cheer.

They'll never come back—those good old times! I never shall live to see Such beautiful holidays as we had Before we were all so free.

Yes—yes—I know what you're going to say Of Progress, and what you will; And though I am none of your Jasper sort, Who thinks that the sun stands still, I'd rather you'd give me downright facts, Instead of your rant and noise; What good has your Progress done for me, Or Dinah, or Cosar's boys?

Now, mind you! I would not put a rock In the way of the headlong train; But I tell you, children, I wish to-day Old Christmas was back again!

What rollicking, frolicking times we had As soon as December came; What fattening of turkeys, ducks, and geese! What larders were filled with game!

What storage of all delicious things— Mince pies by the dozen score; Plum-puddings, plum-cakes from the same re-celpt Brought over by Lord Dunmors.

What partridges heaped the pantry shelves, What barrels of eggs stood by, What haunches the gay young hunters brought For the richest of venison pie!

We garianded all the walls with green, And under the chandeller (With none of your flickering gas ablaze, But with wax-lights burning clear)

The mistletoe bough we duly hung With branches of boily bright; And under its berries of purest pearl There was kissing on Christmas night!

Such barrows of hickory piled the sheds, Such kindling pine-knots stored! For bright in the chimneys of twenty rooms The noblest of fires roared, When all was ready, then came the guests, With plenty of merry dia,
And kindred and cousins by the score,
To welcome the Christmas in.

From Christmas morn till New Year's eve, Was ever a scene so gay? With rides and driving, and dance and song, We flirted the hours away.

We sent to "The Quarters" all things good, With beer of the best home-brew; Why, bless you, their frolics outrivalled ours— They danced to the banjo, too.

See yonder, "The Quarters" all are down. The banjo and bones are dumb; No plans for the noisy negro games, There's nebody now to come.

How chilly the rooms are! Scarce a fire: No heaping of hickory on; For Jim is abroad with his dog and gun. And they tell me the housemaid's gone. Ah, well! I may own the change is good For Pomp, and for such as he; You darlings may like the New Christmas best, But the Old was the one for me.

There's a Warning in This. A religious phonetic reporter in London thought to try his hand on a hymn as sung by the choir. He got this:

Waw kaw swaw daw aw raw.

Thaw saw thaw law aw raw;

Waw kaw iaw thaw raw vaw vaw braw,

Aw thaw raw jaw saw aw!

On referring to the hymn-book he dis-overed that the words supposed to be

earthward in answer to the order of United States authorities to make a breastworks against possible rebels advancing from Manassas upon Washington. Around this dwelling stretched undulating lawns, encircled in turn with woods that were the fairy world of my childbood.

By many beside the one who summons this reminiscence the old place, destroyed by war, will be remembered with keen pleasure, for it was the grand parental home of a large family accustomed to resort there for delightful long southern visits, and at all times of holiday.

Although the climate in that part of Virginia does not by any means imply warm Christmases, it is not to be counted on for snowy ones, and great was our youthful

Christmases, it is not to be counted on for snowy ones, and great was our youthful give when white slakes falling on Christmaseve caused the servants to inform us that celestial goose-picking had begun.

To recall the cerebration of Christmas in old Virginia I should have to dispense a holge-podige of some new as much material as sentimental. For there is prominent the cooking part of it, to which the ladies of the household always lent nice care, and in which the children took vivid interest. There were loaves of sugar to be watched in the breaking, almonds to be blanched and crushed in rose water, icing to be made to assume the traceries of frostwork on the pane.

A 'possum. A POSSEM.

Outdoors, I recall a visit to a quaint Othoose, recal possum kept in a barrel, of whom his negro captor told me, smacking his lips to my disgust, that he'd make prime catin' whom he gits on a bed of baked sweet 'taters Christmas

night.

There were pig-tails roasted and distributed among the children by their negro admirers, but of these pays I tasted not. There were called bags of chinquaturs (facinating little gold-brown baby chestnuts), also brought into the house as trophies from the colored people, and big apples, with ears of pop-cora, small bottles of abominable sweet-scent, and boxes made of shells bought on their visits to the neighboring town.

of shells bought on their visits to the neighboring town.

In return we gave them whatever our savings would allow us to contribute. It was inevitable that the first consideration of Christmas gifts, whether from a child or adult, should be for the servants of the household. I know there was a meaning, a conderness, in these interchanges that one never sees to-day in the presents counted upon and received with cool indifference by the domestic staff of modern days.

lavs.
"The first Christmas I remember"—ah "The first Christmas I remember "—ah!" me!a gray mist surrounds it, and I seem to be in the dawn of a crisp Virginia morning, nestled in—now for a shock to modern hygiene—the depths of a Virginia feather-bed, with some ostensibly slum-bering elder "humped" in warm coverings at my side. Detaching itself from the line of the chimney-piece hangs my stocking, of which I hasten to take thrilled posses-sion.

AN AERIAL SLEIGH.

Truly-yes, fervently-I believed that

Truly—yes, fervently—I believed that the treasures presently spread upon the knot-work quit came to me in an arial siegh driven by a jolly red-nosed man in turs. Whether it was actually swallows in the chimney-top or flying squirrels gambolling upon our caves, I believed sundry noises of the night to be the pawing of tiny chargers on the roof.

This creed gave me years of unqualified satisfaction, and when recently I asked a small person of six whether he still believed in Santa Claus and he answered me in withering good English "I never believed in Santa Claus: I always thought it was parents," I felt quenched and dejected beyond reason. At breakfast, with the sun looking in the eight long windows of the diningroom and twinking on the holly- and boxbushes under them, outside one felt there was gala in the air.

Then we went to church, and after it we sat down, at 2 o'clock, to a dinner that issted late in the afternoon. The old sil-

sat down, at 2 o'clock, to a dinner that lasted late in the afternoon. The old sil-ver shown anew, and the jellies quivered with satisfaction at the fun around the

board.

In the evening we gathered about the fire made upon the remnants of last year's Yule log and told stories and player games. There were six windows curtainer games, the drawing-root in the drawing-root games. There were six windows curtained
with red damark in the drawing-room
and several doors, in and out of which
boys and dogs were perpetually moving.
The in-door games I remember best at
Christmas times in old Virginia after the eremony of rolling in the Yule log, which



MRS. BUBTON HARRISON. would never roll, and was always forcibly tugged by boy cousins with excertated hands and doubtful tempers, were per-formed in a high day and holiday fashion, tormed in a high day and holiday fashion, too decorous to be really to our taste. They took place under the supervision of maiden aunts, amid the red damask chairs and sofas, girandoles and ostrich-eggs of the drawing-room, and enshrined a sort of fearful.

fearful joy. "Stage coach" I can recall when on one occasion I was nearly exterminated by two stalwart youths struggling for my place, I emerging from the melee in the condition of Hood's picture of "A Spoiled Child"—the baby in an easy chair, upon which an unconscious stout lady has just taken her seat! It was all very well for them to apologize and offer to train a dog for me throwing in the promise of a paper

them to apologize and offer to train a dog for me, throwing in the promise of a paper of Mrs. Appich's sugar-plums the next time they went into town. My dignity was gone and I was ill-appeased.

"Magical music" pleased me, escecially when it flowed from the finger-tips of dear M. F., an angel in our midst and elsewhere until she was taken home. But I think play for jollity's sake is apt to be perfunctory, and we were relieved when the door opened to admit a sable functionary bearing silver trays of egg-nogg and fruit-cake.

the door opened to admit a sable functionary bearing silver trays of egg-nogg and fruit-cake.

Better fun was to be had in the "Long room"—its deep mouthed fire-place filled with a cracking wood fire, its furniture scarred with tokens of generations of romping boys and girls, its walls hung with guns and fishing-rods—the school-desk pushed back and apples waiting to be roasted upon strings above the hearth. There we gathered and talked and played; there I read "Evelina" in a window-seat apart; thence passed maidens to marriage, stripplings to college, to the navy, to business, and—to war.

For lurking behind the merriment of our easy-going life was a grim presence whose hand outstretched was soon to silence it forever. The last Christians I remember at Vancluse—that of 1860—was, iske the first, a time of pleasure unalloyed to young people; but in another year the old home was blotted out of sight, and its ruins lay in a desert over which the Christmas blast swept drearily. Mas. Burron Hirerbook.

A CONFI DERATE CHRISTMAS. Ingenious Devices to Fill the Children's

[Written for the Dispatch.] How different are the contents of the Christmas stockings of the southern boys and girls of to-day from what they were during the war!
Ma's ample white stockings hung from

the nails beneath the mantelpiece or from the gas-brackets, and the distorted hosiery lmost burst with the fatness of home production, although a war waged largely by famine (the one method by which the South could be and was conquered) was going on. But of course the presents contained in the Confederate Christmas stocking were truly simple and

Still, the southern children were not deprived of the pure joys of Christmas. The good ones received many home-made articles, domestic fruits, and nuts, and other delicacies, such as molasses cakes and Shrewsbury cakes; but no doughnuts, as they were relished by the enemy, and lard was scarce, and pies and things contracted into "pisen things."

When and where the old Kris Kringle of the South received his supplies is a mysthe South received his supplies is a mys-

ry. There was Noah and the ark, and-"The animals coming out two by two, Dressed in yellow, pink, and blue." We had the same animals, as hard to lentify then as now-supplejacks with ords to their peaked bats; red-shirted and

dish-faced monkeys sliding up and down yellowsticks, a few soldiers on movable lat-tice-work, kindergarten blocks of various kinds, pop-guns, little un horns, French horns, flates, and drums of much defi-ciency in material. FIRE-CRACKERS.

We had, too, packs of pop-crackers in-terspersed with the yellow pop-cracker, the boys' delight, from the fancy that they popped louder than others.

There were few, if any, cannon-crackers, or "baby-wakers," as the Conrederacy could not spare so much powder.

And then there were little torpedoes— few in a box with much saw-duct; spit-devils, spinning-wheels (some of which would not spin). Roman candles with "mighty few" balls (and some of which would not go off if fire was put at both ends), and sky-rockets with sticks as defi-cient as a 5-cent package of wooden toothent as a 5-cent package of wooden tooth-

The stocking contained a variety of nutsickory-nuts, as if emblematical of the pardihood of the southern people in ad-ersity; the black walnut, typical of their versity; the black walnut, typical of their worth and unction; the peanut or "gooberpea," which was often sighed for by the soldier from the far South, and which, in later years, has become the legislative, judicial, and executive nut (for it is much relished in all of these departments); and so popular has it become with theatregoers that from a false sense of atheticism, and for the sake of the janitor, it is prohibited in certain theatres. Chestnuts and hazelnuts were there too.

For fruits there were the persummon (the American date), which was a rich gift fur-nished by the poor soil of certain coun-ties; apples in the natural state, and high-ly-colored candy-apples with uneatable

temptation to eat the suspicious candy.

Besides Confederate egg-nog made according to the following receipt was not a a very seductive drink:

Receipt for three persons: Three eggs, one gill of whiskey, six tablespoonfuls of brown sugar (granulated and loaf sugar not in the market), milk to color, and of hot water a sufficient quantity. Beat the whites and the yelks separately, adding the foam after the other ingredients are mixed. Set aside to cool and to gather strength.

That was rum egg-nog, with the usual dash of rum omitted, for the sober and righteous New England people would not send the flavoring material South.

Eggs are always expensive at Christmas, for they are both searce and in demand then, and the Confederate hen, although poor, yet laid her quantum and no more, and many of her eggs were in the "sere and yellow," and were recloient of sawdust, and revived a recollection of the circus, which came not during the war, although the theatre was open often.

The South could not afford the men, the canvas, and the provender for the circus. If the price of eggs at Christmas during the war were quoted the writer might not be believed, and most provokingly never was a Confederate egg discovered with a double yelk. Eggs are always expensive at Christmas

ouble yelk.
HOME-MADE CANDY. HOME-MADE CANDY.

Necessity is the mother of invention and the mothers and daughters of the Confederacy made many of the things which were found in the children's stockings.

They made cornucopias and filled them with home-made candy; and besides making many useful things, they made rag-babies in entirety or purchased the heads of dolls—a frequent custom—and made up the dolls at home, and such dolls, dressed in tartan skirts, looked quite pretty. Some of them were like old people. They had hickory-nut heads, and with frilled'caps they were grandmammas, ingenious devices.

INGENIOUS DEVICES.

A Chinese baby was made with a peanut for its head, and it was an excellent imita

tion.

These southern women also ingeniously manufactured beautiful upholstered baby-house furniture from the bones of fowls.

Did the world ever before produce such Did the world ever before produce such noble and resourceful women?

Many of those loving and lovable matrons and sisters who sat up late at night making little Contederate flags for the boys and dressing dolls for the girls no longer live to rejoice with the children this morning, but their memories are hallowed for what they did and suffered; especially as without them the Confederate Christmas stocking would have been empty in hundreds of households.

T. R. E.

The Flags on Public Schools. To the Editor of the Dispatch:

The Flags on Public Schools.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

I am obliged to you for your editorial and the quoting the opinion of Mr. Kell. Adjutant-General of Georgia, "that only the State flag should float over the Capitol." I had a controversy lately with a Siate correspondent in regard to the United States flag on our public schools. There is no reason in it. Mr. Kan. Tucker, I know, agrees with me. It would be a good thing to have the boys at our public schools taught the Constitution. It is very evident, as I saw then, that a great many men have never read it. The flag of the United States upon our Senate chamber may be designed to express the dual form of our government, and in this light it is not inappropriate. I hear little said nowadays about the composition of the United States Senate as a proof of the coequality of the States. There Delaware, as you know—and everybody ought to know—is as big as New York or Texas, There she has as much power in making treaties, &c., that might endanger her independence or safety as the largest State in the Union. It is not wealth or population that makes a State great, but her inherent rights and lofty spirit of independence.

The Old Subscriber. Been taking of the paper For fifty years or more; The very first subscriber That loomed up in the door.

He's seen three generations Of editors go down, And now he's waiting to sitend The funeral of the town.

Knew all the ancient editors
Who made the sheet " a gen
And still kept on subscribing
When the country buried the Was there before the railroads, The Indian and the bear; When they had measles once a month And preaching once a year.

again.

STORY OF A PICTURE.

OLD SY GILLIAT, THE FIDDLER, AND HIS GROUP OF DANCERS.

A Passing-Strange Christmas-Eve Adventure in an Old Mansion in Richmond.

[Written for the Dispatch.] The picture always had a singular fasci-

nation for me. Time and again, even when my back was turned to it and when friendly controversy was most excited among the kindred spirits that were accustomed to assemble in the parlor of the old mansion, I have feit its strange influence and turned to glance at it.

It hung in a corner amidst a group of family portraits and other examples of painters long since dead—the centre-piece of a heterogeneous messic of art that over-looked furniture and upholstery equally

ancient.

It was a mosaic, the portraits in which suggested that they were criticising, with mingled pity and reproof, the dress and methods of thought of the company that at regular intervals gathered beneath them, and from which the landscape pieces seemed to exhale the faut, far odor of flowers found now only in old homesteal sardens gone to waste. Only was the anachronism less defined and the contrast less obvious when would ion the company she chronism less defined and the contrast less obvious when would join the company shi of the came of ace. She came not often but when she did it was as if one of the portraits had stepped down from its frame and a bond of sympath; had been established between the present and the past. Her conversation reminded one of the echo of an old melody running has a suppressed and timid theme through some brilliant new composition, and what like a suppressed and timid theme through some brilliant new composition, and when she was near I realized more sensibly than

some brilliant new composition, and when she was near I realized more sensitivity than when she was absent the fascination of the picture in the corner.

But of this particular picture. I do not know its history further than that it came out of the old museum when that landmark of early Richmond cultivation was swept away. Nor do I know who painted it. Perhaps it is a Sully. It has some of his characteristics, both in coloring and drawing. One figure, however, was conceded to be historic. That is the figure of an old negro, Sy Gilliat, the celebrated fiddler—old Sy in all the pomposity of a ruffled shirt, a stock, and knes-breeches; the same old Sy who had ridden on many occasions with the driver of the coach that carried Parson Buchanan to the county to marry a couple, and who, after the ceremony, was a more important personage than the parson, seeing that with his sable contemporary, London Biggs, he made music for the welding dance.

It is an Al Fresco composition. Old Sy

dono Biggs, he made music for the wedging dance.

It is an Al Fresco composition. Old Sy is scated on a stool beneath a tree against which he leans and is the embodiment of colored aristocratic dignity. He has exchanged his fiddle for a banjo, upon which he is playing. In front of him, in quaint costumes and with joyons abandon, dance several white children, while to his right are the tather and mother of the dancers, evidently enjoying the scene intensely. In the immediate foreground is a sip of a girl with a hauntingly sweet face and figure to make one query mentally what will be her future.

of carriage—just the face and light to make one query mentally what will be her future.

French candy made by some Pizzini or Antoni of the South was sometimes found in the very toe of the stocking, and in the haste to get at its contents the French candy met with a Waterloo, or became blended with the so-called molasses candy, which was sorghum and not candy made from molasses or the golden or silver syrup of to-day.

And there would be a greater variety of blended candy and n is than was ever dreamed of in the sweet handiwork of Huyler.

No chocolate was found. Even the little 1-cent chocolate cigar went out with the cruel war.

BONBONS.

Sometimes there would be among the few—oh, too few—French bonbons one or more green pieces, which the children were cautioned not to eat, for fear that they (the bonbons) had been colored the color that they the figure in the tother than that of Old Sometimes there would be among the few—oh, too few—French bonbons one or more green pieces, which the children were cautioned not to eat, for fear that they (the bonbons) had been colored with arsenie. This almost seemed a cruelity, when there were only three white pieces and one pink one besides.

COFFEE AND EGG-NGG.

The child who had to drink coffee made with rye, acorns, or burned sweet potatoes, the said imitation creamed with much-watered and sometimes much-chaiked milk, and who was allowanced with very salty butter—the salt to make it "go butter of the uncanny or the morbid, I am not given to the uncanny or the morbid, I ty, when there we coffee made pieces and one pink one besides.

The child who had to drink coffee made with rye, acorns, or burned sweet potatoes, the said imitation creamed with much-watered and sometimes much-chaked milk, and who was allowanced with very salty butter—the salt to make it "go far"—and who was aven deprived of Condition of that nectar would cause him to become a drunkard, could not easily resist the need to be the department of the confederate egg-nog made action.

Hesides Confederate egg-nog made action to eat the suspicious candy.

Hesides Confederate egg-nog made action to eat the suspicious candy.

Hesides Confederate egg-nog made action to eat the suspicious candy.

Hesides Confederate egg-nog made action which repose the skeletons of the generations of time.

From the position in which I sat, or rather reclined, for I had thrown myself into a favorite rocker, which was always and with a tiger skin, my picture was always or imagining.

From the position in which I sat, or rather reclined, for I had thrown myself into a favorite rocker, which was always covered with a tiger skin, my picture was behind me. But hearing or imagining I heard a slight sound, as of the rustling of sitk, I glanced up to the mirror over the mantel and there was my picture reflected in it with startling vividness. Involuntarily I turned and looked back to the corner, vaguely impressed with the belief that I would see a strong light upon the original. It was still in place, but the figures were barely perceptible, and there was no change in the sombreness of the tints sge had cast over it. Again I turned to the mirror, half doubting the evidences of my senses and thoroughly mystified; but a still more surprising revelation awaited me. The picture had receded in the giass, only to show in an intense Rembrandt effect. At the end of a long vista of shadows hemming in everything else that could be reflected from the room were Old Sy, the youthful dancers, and the spectators, in colors as fresh as the day the composition came from the casel.

Then the figures began to move, You say I was dreaming. I was not. I never was more wide awake in my life. Never were all my faculties more alertor strained to keener perception. At first the move-

Then the figures began to move. You say I was dreaming. I was not. I never were all my faculties more alert or strained to keener perception. At first the movement was slow and measured, but grandly it became more rapid, until it assumed a dazing, blinding what fits caused me to close my eyes from sherp pain. When I looked again there was still a picture in the mirror, but not the picture. Sv Gillatt. Sy older and grayer—was still a prominent figure, but his environments had been altogether transformed. He had exchanged his bamjo for his findly large wainscoated his where a mid a gire and his seat under the where a mid a gire of light from in rich brocades and lawels, and seves of bandsome men in periwing, and seves of bandsome men in periwing. The market of beauty. It was a vision of transendith magnetic potency was the most modest, A tail, lithe, with magnetic potency was the most modest, A tail, lithe, with no ornaments as avare bunch of violets at the breast. A face so pure and spiritual that it seemed illumined with a celestial light. Eyes that mirrored a soul in harmony with all that is refined and attuned to all that is poetic, and which appeared to look beyond their fazzling surroundings into the peace, quiet, and transquillity of some distant landscape. I could but compare her to a single spray of hily of the valley in a bouquet of roses and carnations.

How long I followed her through the dancer cannel and the treas—my slip of a girl developed into young womanhood. I was as fully conscious that I was living in the dead past as I am now conscious that I was inviting in the dead past as I am now conscious that I was not surprised, therefore, when the lights began to grow dim when one by one the dancers crumbled into dust, until only the one with the soft, white, clinging drapper from his hand and when one by one to denie the crumble of the continual of the proper of the past of the past of the past of expect to see her vanish with the rest. It was only natural to me that she should float out into space, leaving the odor of violets in the air, and that I should read in their wondrous eyes that I would see her

"This is my wife, old man," and a firm, affectionate hand was laid upon my shoulder. I looked up, but how I answered the greeting I shall never know. No wonder the next thing I heard was the question, "Are you ill?" for beside me stood my poet friend, just returned from his wedding tour, and with him and wearing a violet brooch at her breast was my slip of a girl who had danced beneath the tree to the thrumming of Old Sy's banjo, and had afterwards been the Queen of the liail.
"How long have I been here?" I asked at random.

"How long have I been here?" I asked at random.

"Over an hour," said she of the cameo face, rising from one of the stiff-backed old chairs immediately under my picture. "I have been in the room for an hour, but you were so absorbed you did not notice my entrance."

When I told my experience to my friends they laughed at me and declared it was all an hallucination. I knew better. By what occult influence I was made to live in a past that was long before I was born I do not know, but I believe that she of the

cameo face was the unconscious medium of connecting the two epochs.

As to my slip of a girl and Queen of the Ball, did I really see her generations agone, and is she the guardian anger and inspiration of my poet friend? On I have my theory that the mession of the pure will never end on earth until they have conquered the impure. Besides, who is it that my poet friend's sweetest versas describe scenes of days gone by he could never have witnessed, in a rythm whose cadence is a requirem for the past?

The picture of old Sw still hangs in the accustomed place. About it has slid grouped the family portraits and the last scapes. I still like to study it for it has work of real more, but since it has folling story I no longer feel its presence and its strange influence when my back twinter to the group.

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